Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worſhips friend, and *Lancelet* ſir.

Lan. But I pray you *ergo* olde man, *ergo* I beſeech you, talke you of yong M. *Lancelet*.

Gob. Of *Lancelet* an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Lan. *Ergo* maſter *Lancelet*, talke not of maiſter *Lancelet* Father; for the yong Gentleman according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch braunches of learning, is indeed deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plain terms, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the verie ſtaffe of my age, my very prop.

Lance. Do I looke like a cudgell or a houell poſte, a ſtaffe, or a prop: do you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy (GOD reſt his ſoule) aliue or dead.

Lance. Do you not know me Father?

Gob. Alacke ſir, I am ſand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his own child. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your ſonne, giue mee your bleſſing; Trueth will come to light, Murther cannot be hidde long, a mans ſonne may, but at the length trueth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you ſir ſtand vp, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Lance. Pray you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue me your bleſſing; I am *Lancelot* your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my ſonne.

Lance. I know not what I ſhall thinke of that, but I am *Lancelet* the Iews man, and I am ſure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeede, ile be ſworne if thou bee *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipt might

might he be, what a beard haſt thou got? thou haſt g
haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my pilhorſe has on his t

Lan. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins taile grow
ward. I am ſure he had more haire of his tayle then I ha
face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doeſt thou
Maſter agree? I haue brought him a preſent; how ag
now?

Lance. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue ſ
reſt to runne away, ſo I will not reſt till I haue run ſome
My maſter's a very Iew; giue him a preſent, giue him a
am famiſht in his ſeruice. You may tell euery finger I h
my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me you
to one Maſter *Baſſanio*, who indeed giues rare new liue
ſerue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any grou
rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I a
if I ſerue the Iew any longer.

Enter Baſſanio with a follower or two.

Baſſ. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted that ſ
ready at the fartheſt by fiue of the clocke: ſee theſe Le
liuered, put the Lyueries to making, and deſire *Gratiano*
anon to my lodging.

Exit one of his men.

Lance. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your Worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercy, wouldſt thou ought with me?

Gob. Here's my ſonne ſir, a poore boy.

Lance. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich Iewes man th
ſir, as my father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection ſir, as one would ſay

Lance. Indeed the ſhort and the long is, I ſerue the I
haue a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. His Maſter and he (ſauing your worſhips reuer
ſcarſe cater coſins.